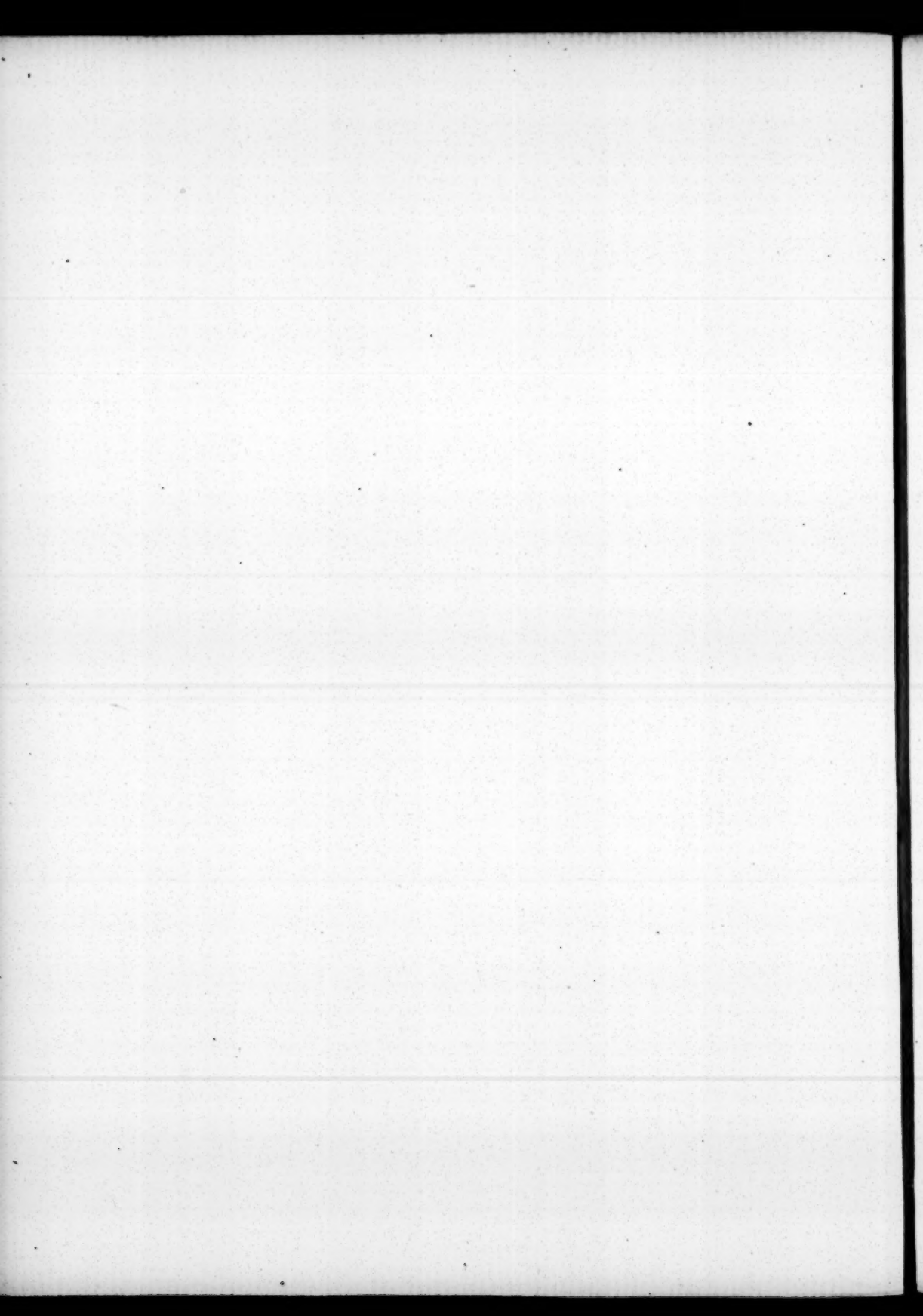


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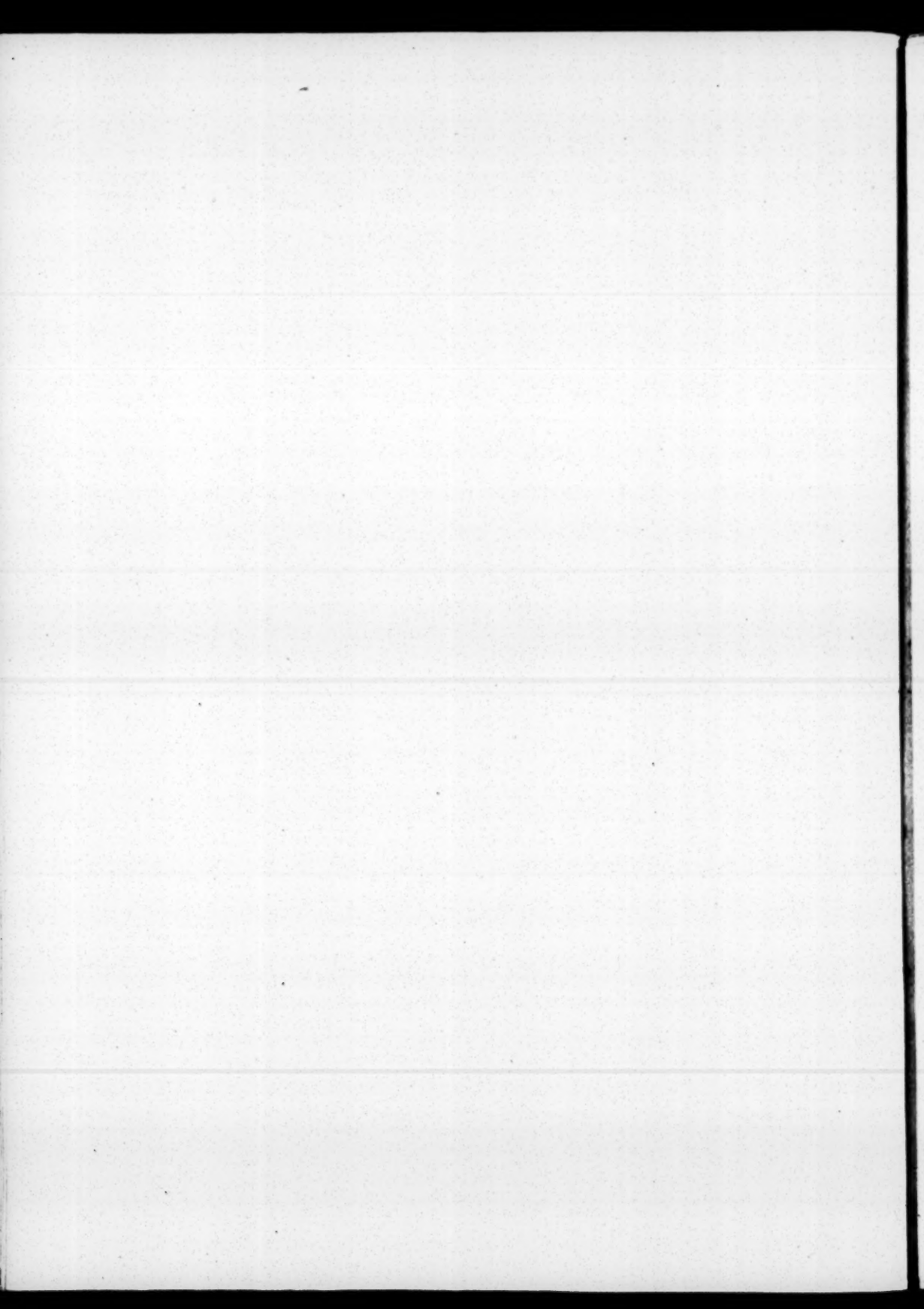
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CLASS OF 1915
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IN MEMORY OF
LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD =
CLASS OF 1915

Mar 28, 1927



THE COUNTER- SCUFFLE.

Whereunto is added, the COUNTER-RATE.

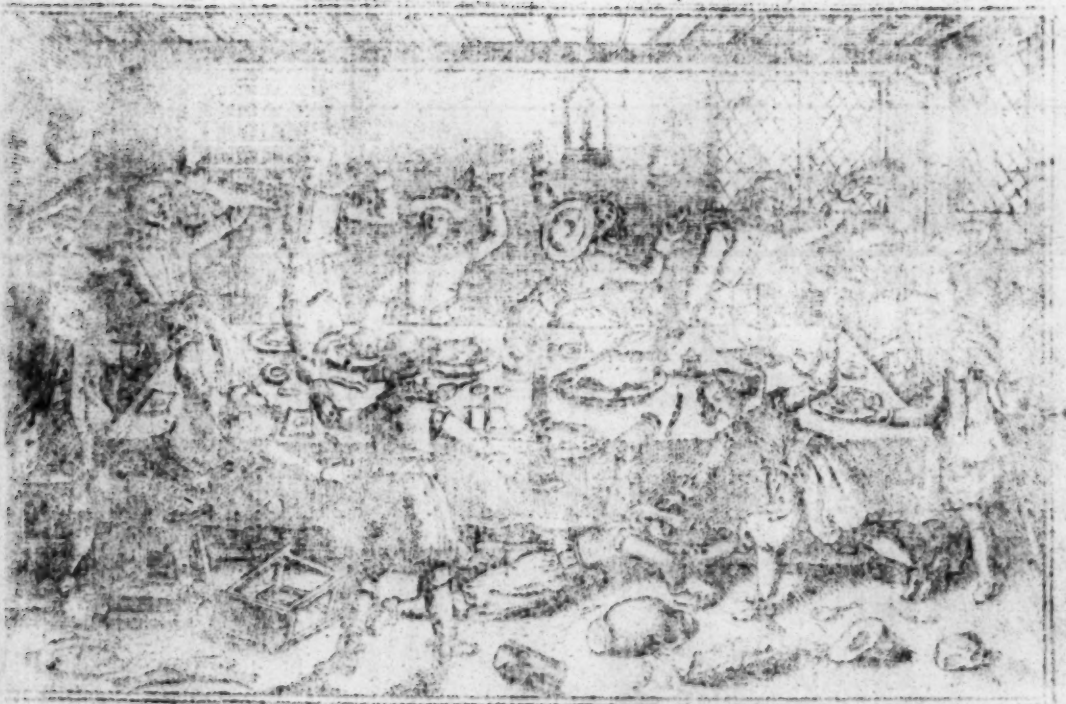
Written by R. S.



LONDON,
Printed for *William Butler*, and are to bee sold at
his Shop neere Bishops-gate. 1623.

THE CONVENTER SCOTT

Whereunto is added the Conventer



LONDON.
Printed for W. Mearns, and are to be sold at
his shop near St. Dunstons, 1722.



THE COUNTER- SCUFFLE.

L Et that Maiestike pen that writes
Of braue K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feates and fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Mastiue Dogges,
Be silent.

And now let each one listen well,
VWhile I the famous Battle tell,
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.

In which great *Scuffle* onely twaine,
VWithout much hurt, or being slaine,
Immortall honour did obtaine

By merit.
One

The Counter-scuffle.

One was a *Captaine* in degree,
A strong and lusty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a stomacke like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse
Or pitie.

Full nimbly could he cusse and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettiest Sparkes about
The Citie.

And at his weapon any way,
He would performe a single fray,
Euen from the long Pike to the Tay-
lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a iot,
He feard nor *Englishman* nor Scot;
For *Man* or *Monster*, car'd he not
A Dodkin.

For fighting was his Recreation,
And like a man in Desperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
He car'd not.
And

The Counter-scuffle.

And in his Anger (cause being giuen)
To lift his fist 'gainst good Sir Steuen,
Or any *Iustice* vnder Heauen,

He fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* land,
And brauely there with sword in hand
Would greet him.

And *Noble Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongst his foes, to purchase fame,
Nor cared though the *Diuell* came
To meete him.

And this braue *Goldsmith* was the man,
VWho first this worthy brawle began,
VWhich after ended in a Can
Of milde Beere.

But had you seene him when he fought,
How eagerly for bloud he sought,
Ther's no mā but would him haue thought
A wild Beare.

Imagine now you see a score
Of madcap Gentlemen or more,
Boyes that did vse to royst and rore

And swagger.

A 3

Among

The Counter-scuffle.

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themselues by wisdomes lore,
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore

A Dagger.

A Priest and Lawyer, men well read,
In wiping Spoons, and chipping bread,
And falling too, short grace being sed,

Full roundly.

Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomacks without sawce could feed

Profoundly.

T'was ill that men of sober dyet,
Who lou'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins*, that to ryot

Were giuen:

And (O great griefe!) euen from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being strōg & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood,

Be driuen.

But here t'is fitting I repeat,
What food our dainty Prisoners eat:
But if in placing of the meat

And Dishes,
From

The Counter-scuffle.

From curious order I doe swerue,
T'is that themselues did none obserue,
For which nor flesh they did deserue,
Nor Fishes.

But some(perhaps) will say that Lent,
Affoords them not what here is ment,
So mnch,so good,and that they went
VVithout it

T'is like: but if I adde a Dish,
Or twaine, or three, of Flesh or Fish.
They eyther had, or did it wish,
Ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,
'The goodnesse of their Lenten fare,
VVhich is in Prisons very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity sweete as any Nut,
As good as euer swell'd a Gut,
And Butter sweet as e're was put
In belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
VVhich in white Salt vprightly stood,
And meates which heat and stir the bloud
To action.
As

The Supper

The Counter-scuffle.

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That rul'd themfelues by wisdomes lore,
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VVhich in white Salt vprightly stood,
And meates which heat and stir the bloud
To action.
As

The Counter-scuffle.

As butter'd *Crabs* and *Lobsters* Red,
VVhich send the married payre to bed,
And in loose blouds haue often bred

A Faction.

Fish butterd to the Platters brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd o're with Pepper, neate and trim

Salt Salmon.

Smelts cride, Come eate me, doe not stay,
Fresh Cod, and *Maids* full neerely lay,
And next to these a lusty *Bas*

con Gammon.

Stuck thicke with Cloues vpon the backe,
VVell stuft with Sage, and for the smacke,
Daintily strewd with Pepper blacke,

Sois'd Gurnet.

Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meate farr too good for such a rout,
To tumble, tosse, and throw about

And spurne it.

The next, a *Neats-tongue* neatly dri'd,
Mustard and *Sugar* by his side,
Rochets butter'd, *Flounders* fri'd,

Hot Custard,
Eeles

The Counter-scuffle.

Eeles boyld & broyl'd : and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes King*,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Lyng*,
And *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh, which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot
New taken.

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as euer knife was put on,
Which neuer were by a true *Glutton*
Forfaken.

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would haue dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*:
And they sometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,

And such as loue the *Lustie Chine* :
But when that I shall sup or dine,
God grant they be no *Ghests* of mine,
Of all men.

Thus the descriptions are compleat,
Which I haue made of men and meat.

Mars ayde me now, while I repeat
The Battle,
Where

The Counter-scuffle.

Where Pots and Stooles were vs'd as Gins,
To breake each others Heads, and Shins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
To rattle.

Where men in madnesse neuer ceast,
Till each one (furious, as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast,
Full daintie.

Whereon, had they not been accurst,
They might haue fed, till bellies burst:
But *Ellis* shew'd himse the worst
Of twentie.

For he began this monstrous brall,
Which after ward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That euen.

And now giue eare vnto the iarre,
That fell betweene these men of Warre,
Wherein so many a harmelesse skarre
Was giuen.

The boord thus furnisht, each man fate,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
Mongst whom a iarring question straight
Was risen.

For

'The Counter-scuffle.

For they grew hotly in dispute,
What Calling was of most repute:

'Twas well their wits were so acute,

In Prison.

While they discours'd, the *Parson* blythe *The Parson.*
Fed, as he meant to haue the Tyche
Of euery Dish, being sharpe (as Sythe)

In feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else, perhaps, he would haue spoke
In praise of his long threed-bare Cloke,

And breeding.

But after a deliberate pawse, *The Lawyer*
The *Lawyer* spoke as he had cause,
In commendation of the *Lawes*

Profession.

The Law, quoth he, by a iust doome,
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defends the innocent from

Oppression.

It fauours Truth; it curbs the hope
Of Vice; it giues Allegiance scope;
Prouides a Gallows and a Rope

For Treason.

The Counter-scuffle.

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Of Vice; it giues Allegiance scope;
Prouides a Gallows and a Rope

For Treason.

The Counter-scuffle.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it,
Which makes vs here in Prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ

And Reason.

To which all men must subiect be,
As we by daily prooffe doe see,
From highest to the low'st degree;

The Scholler,

Noble, and Rich: It doth subdue
The Souldier, and his swaggering cruell;
But at that word the Captaine grew

In choller.

The Souldier Hee lookt full grim, and at first word,
Rapt out an Oath, that shooke the boord,
And stricke his fist, that the sound roar'd

Like thunder.

It made all skip, that stood him neere,
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for feare,
And those that heard in, stricken were

With wonder:

Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,
And hauing star'd, and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:

Thou cogging,
Base

The Counter-scuffle.

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy liuing by thy damned pet-
tifogging:

A Slaue, that shall for halfe a crowne,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gowne,
Wait like my Dogge about the Towne,
And follow

A bus'nesse, on the Deuils part,
For Fees, though nor with Law nor Art:
But head as emptie as thy heart
Is hollow.

You stay at home, and pocket Fees,
While wee abroad our blouds doe leese,
And then, with such base termes as these,
You wrong vs.

But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Then once to shew thy face i'th Warre
Among vs.

Where to defend such thanklesse Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormie winds,
And weathers,

And

The Counter-scuffle.

And oft in bloud he wades full deepe,
Your throats from forrain swords to keep,
And wakes, when you securely sleepe
In feathers.

What could your *Lawes* or *Statutes* doe
Against inuasions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe
To quell 'em?

And to prevent your further harmes,
With *Ensigne*, *Fife*, and lowd *Alarmes*
Of warlike *Drum*, by force of *Armes*
Repell 'em?

Your *Trespasse* *Action* will not stand,
For setting foot vpon your *Land*,
VVhen they in scorne of your *Command*
Come hither.

No remedy in *Courts* of *Powles*,
In *Common Place*, or in the *Rowles*,
For iolling of your *Iobbernolls*
Together.

VVert not for vs, thou *Swad*, quoth he,
Where would'st thou fog to get a *Fee*?
But to defend such things as thee,
'Tis pitie.
For

The Counter-scuffle.

For such as thou, esteeme vs least,
VVho euer haue been ready prest,
To guard you and the *Cuckowes* nest,
Your *Citie*.

That very word made *Ellis* start,
And all his bloud ranne to his heart,
He shooke, and quak'd in euery part
With anger.

He lookt, as if nought might assuage
The heat of his inflamed rage,
His very countenance did presage
Some danger.

A *Cuckowes* nest? quoth he: and so
He humm'd and held his head full low,
As if distracted thoughts did o-
uerpresse him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,
At *Bristow* shee was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* borne and bred,
(God blesse him.)

Of *London* *Citie* I am free,
And there I first my *Wife* did see,
And for that very cause, quoth hee,
I loue it.
And.

The Counter-scuffle.

And he that calls it *Cuckowes* nest,
Except he sayes he speakes in iest,
He is a Villaine, and a Beast,

Ile prooue it.

This I'll maintaine, nor doe I care,
Though *Captaine Potgun* stampe and stare,
And swagger, sweare, and teare his haire

In furie.

And with the hazard of my blood,
Ile fight vp to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good,

Assure yee.

For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of London Citie made,
Yet can I vse *Gunne, Bill, and Blade,*

In battle.

And Citizens, if need require,
Themselues can force the foe retire,
What euer this *Low-Country* Squire

doe prattle.

For we haue Souldiers of our owne,
Able enough to guard the Towne,
And Captaines of most faire renowne,

About it.

If

The Counter-scuffle.

If any Foe should fight amaine,
And set on vs with all his traine,
Wee'le make him to retire againe,
Ne're doubt it.

We haue fought well in dangers past,
And will doe while our liues doe last,
Without the help of any cast.

Commanders,
That hither come, compeld by want,
With rusty Swords, and Suits Prouant,
From *Vtricht*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Flanders*.

The *Captaine* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
And call'd him

Proud *Boy*, and for his sawcy speech,
Did shortly vow to whip his breech :
Then *Ellis* snatcht the Pot, with which
He mall'd him.

He threw the Iugg, and therewithall, *The Scuffle.*
He gaue the *Captaine* such a mall,
As made him thumpe against the wall,
His Crupper.
C With

The Counter-scuffle.

With that, the *Captaine* tooke a Dish,
That stood brim full of butter'd Fish,
As good as any heart could wish

To Supper.

And as he threw, his foot did slide,
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,
And all be-butter-fishifi'd

Nic Ballat.

And he (good man) did none disease,
But sitting quiet, and at ease,
With butter'd *Rochets* sought to please

His Pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rad'g, and swore, and grew starke mad,
Some in the roome bin better had

Without him

For he tooke hold of any thing,
And first he caught the Poll of *Ling*,
Which he couragiously did fling

About him

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the boord in highest place

Was seated.

And

The Counter-scuffle.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was throwne into his eyes,
Which him of sight, in wofull wise,
defeated

All things neere hand, *Nic Pallat* threw :
At length his butter'd *Rockets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew
The Parson.

The Sauce his coat did all be-wet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The seat was butter'd which he set
His — on.

He knew not what to doe, or say,
It was in vaine to preach, or pray,
Or cry, You are all gone astray,
good people

He might aswell goe striue to teach,
Diuinitie beyond his reach ;
Or, when the Bels ring out, goe preach
I'th Steeple.

At this mischance, the silly man,
Out of the roome would faine haue ran,
And very angerly began

To mutter.

The Counter-scuffle.

Ill lucke had he, for after that,
One threw the *Parsneps* full of fat,
Which stuck like Brooches in his Hat,
With Butter.

Out of the place he soone repaires,
And ran halfe headlong downe the Staires.
And made complaint to Mr. *Ayres*

With crying,
Vp ranne he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter,
Were lying.

I dare not say, he stünke for woe,
Nor will, vnlesse I did it know,
But somethere be that dare say so,
That smelt him.

Nor could ye blame him, if he did,
For they threw Dishes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loauies of bread,
Bepelt him.

He thrust himselfe into the throng,
And vs'd the vertue of his tongue:
But what could one mans word among

So many?
The

The Counter-scuffle.

The *Candles* all were shuffled out,
The victuals flew afresh about :
Was neuer such a combate fought

By any.

Now in the darke was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And some lay stept in *Sallet-Oyle*,

And *Mustard*.

The sight would make a man afear'd :
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all besmear'd

With *Custard*.

Others were dawb'd vp to the knee,
With butter'd *Fish* and *Furmitie*,
And some the men could scarcely see

That beat'em.

Vnder the boord *Lluellin* lay,
Being sore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,

He ate'em.

Wil. Lluellin a Prisoner here, sometime the Keeper.

The bread stucke in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Castle wall*,
Which furious Foes doe seeke to scale

In battle.

Shoulders

The Counter-scuffle.

Shoulders of Mutton, Loynes of Veale,
Appointed for to serue the meale,
About their cares full many a Peale

Did rattle.

*One of the
under-Kee-
pers.*

The which, when Owen Blany spide,
Oh, take away their Armes, he cride,
Lest some great hurt doe them betide,

Preuent it

And then the Knaue away did steale,
Of food that fell, no little deale,
And in his house at many a meale,

He spent it.

The *Captaine* ranne the rest among,
As eager to reuenge the wrong,
Done by the *Pot*, which *Ellis* flung

So stoutly.

And angry *Ellis* fought about,
To finde the furious *Captaine* out,
At length they met, and then they fought

Deuoutly.

Now being met, they neuer lin,
Till with their lowd robustious din,
The roome, and all that was therein,

Did rumble.

In

The Counter-scuffle.

Instead of weapons made of Steele,
The *Captaine* tooke a salted *Eele*,
And at each blow, made *Ellis* reele,
And tumble.

Ellis a Pippin-Pye had got,
A soarer weapon then the Pot :
For loe, the Apples being hot,
Did scald him.

The *Captaine* laid about him still,
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will,
He mal'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art,
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
Hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much, I scorne to heare
Thy words or threats, being free frō feare,
With which he hardly could forbear
From laughter.

Together then, a fresh they flye,
The *Eele* against the *Pippin-Pye* :
But *Blany* stood there purposely,

The
In

The Counter-scuffle.

The weapons wherewithllā they fought,
Were those, for which he chiefly sought,
And with an eager stomacke thought
To catch'em,

But scapt not now so well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray :
He thought to haue with such a prey
His iawes fed.

But all his hope did turne aside,
He lookt for that which lucke deny'd :
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pide
His Calues head.

VVoe was the case he now was in,
The Apples hot, did scald the skin,
His scull, as it had rotten bin,
Did coddle.

VVith that, one foole, among the rout,
Made out-cry all the house about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
His noddle.

*A Turne-
Key, a fate
fellow.*

VVhich *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see,
VVhat all this coyle and stirre might be,
And vp the Staires, his Guts and he
Went waddling.
But

The Counter-scuffle.

But when he came the Chamber neere,
Behinde the doore he stood to heare,
But in, he durst not come for feare

Of swaddling.

There stood he in a frightfull case:
And as by chance he stir'd his face,
Full on the mouth, a butter'd Playce

Did hit him.

Away he sneak't, and with his tongue,
He lick'd and swallow'd vp the wrong,
And as he went the roome along,

Be—him.

For helpe, now doth poore *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon, or I dye,
My guts out of my belly fly:

Come quickly.

Blany with open mouth likewise,
For present helpe of Surgeon cryes,
Pitie a man, quoth he, that lyes

So sickly.

Phillips, the skilfull Surgion then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skill to cure these men,

To shew it.

D.

At

The Counter-scuffle.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,
Which came not forth so sweete as Nuts,
All know it.

He cryes for water. In the meane
One cals vp *Madge* the *Kitchin Queane*,
To take and make the baby cleane,
And clout it.

Fast by the nose she tooke the Squall,
And led him softly through the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
About it..

She turn'd his Hose beneath his knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yellow, which was wont to be
A white breech.

She tooke a Dish-clout off the Shelve,
And with it wip'd the durty Elfe,
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe,
Poore—breech.

Thus leauing *Lockwood* all be-rai'd,
Vnto the mercy of the Maid,
Who well deserued to be paid

for taking
Such

The Counter-scuffle.

Such homely paines. Now let vs cast
Our houghts backe on the stir that's past,
And them whose bones could not in haste
leauelaking.

And like the Candles, shall my pen
Shew you these Gallants once agen,
VVhich now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared.

Fresh lights being broght t'appease the bral
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,
VVith Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Besmeared.

Their cloathes rent, and sow'd in drinke,
Oyle, Mustard, Butter, and the stinke,
Which *Lockwood* left, wold mak one think,
In sadnesse,

That these so monstrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that nor tongue, or pen can tell

Their madnesse.
They were indeed dis-figured so,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,
And each man scarce himselſe did know :

But after
A frantike

The Counter-scuffle.

A frantike staring round about,
They sodainly did quit their doubt,
And lowdly all at once brake out

In lafter,

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently doe perfwade,
And (as before) all friends are made,

Full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace,
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,
And so doe all men in the place,

As friendly.

By *Ioue* I loue thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The *Captayne* soone, as much reply'd;
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd:

And *Vulcan*.

With *Mars* at ods againe shall be,
E're any iares 'twixt thee and me:
And therevpon I drinke to thee

A full Can.

And then he kneel'd vpon the ground:
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For euer shall be held renown'd:

And neuer
May

The Counter-scuffle.

May any quarrell' twixt vs twaine
Arise; or this renew againe :
But may we louing friends remaine

For euer.

Amen, cride *Captaine*, so did all,
And so the Health went through the Hall,
And thus this Noble *Counter-brall*

Was ended.

But hunger now did vexe'em more,
Then all their anger did before :
They searcht i'th roome how far their store
Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* stole:
One findes a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and dust black as a coale,
And troden

All vnder feet; The next in post
Snaps vp, and feedes on what was lost,
And lookes not whether it be rost
or sodden.

A third, finds in another place
A piece of *Lyng* in durty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellowes face :

Another
Espies,

The Counter-scuffle.

Espies, that finds a Loafe of bread :
A dish of Butter all bespread,
And stucke vpon a nothers head

I'th poother.

Thus what they found, contented some,
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cense the roome,
VVith sweeping.

But vnder Table, on the ground
Looking to sweepe, by chance he found
Luellen, faining to be found-

ly sleeping.

Hepull'd him out so swift by the heeles,
As if his arse had ran on wheeles,
And found his pocket stuf with *Eeles* :

His Codpiece

Did plenty of prouision bring,
Somewhat it held of euery thing,
Smelts, Flounders, Rochets, and of *Lyng*

A broad piece.

At this discouery, each man round
Tooke equall share of what was found,
VVhich afterwards they freely dronwn'd
In good drinke.

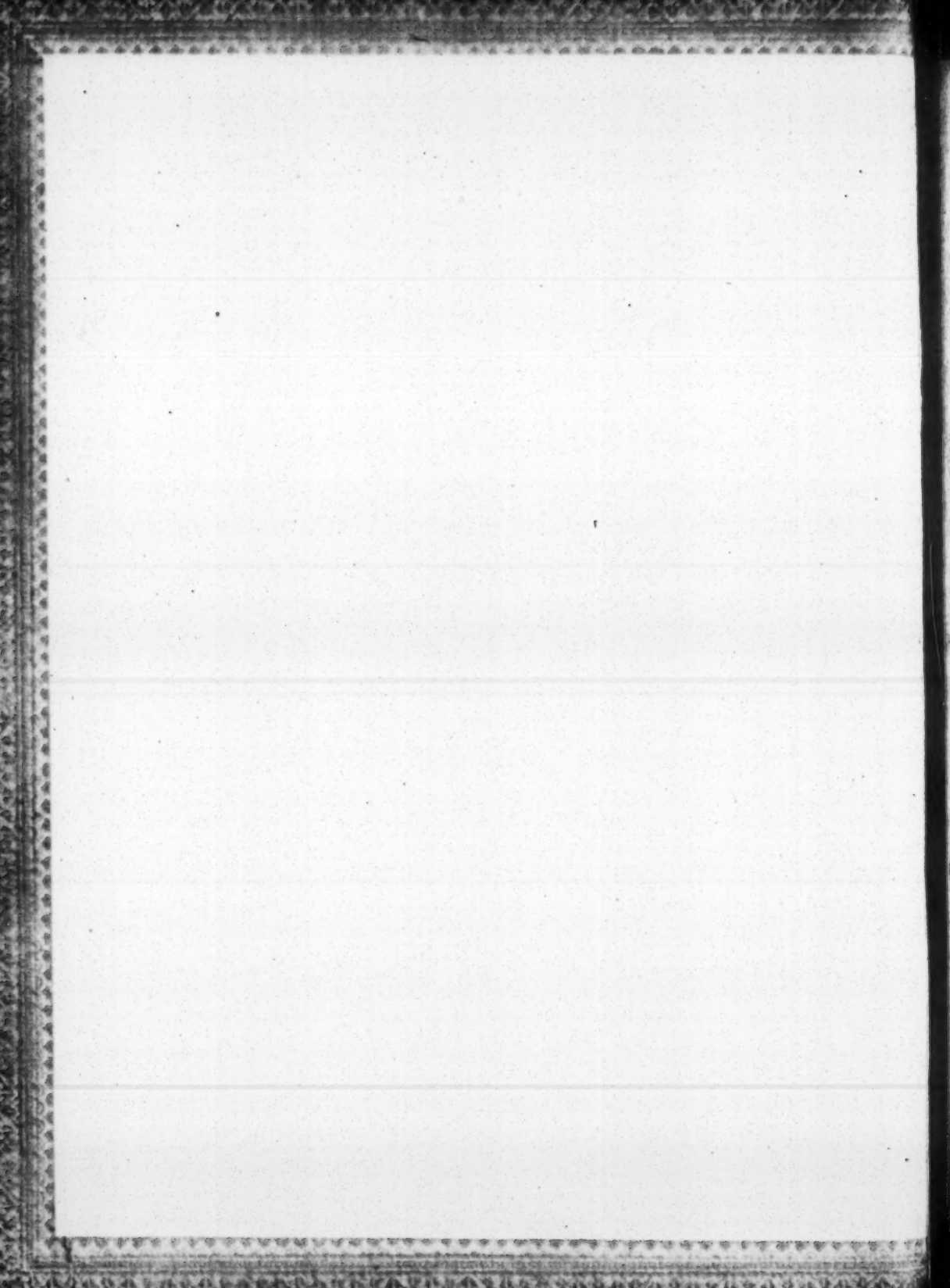
For

The Counter-scuffle.

For of good Beare there was good store,
Till all were glad to giue it o're,
For each man had, inough and more
That wou'd drinke.
And when they thus had drunke and fed,
(As if no quarrell had beene bred)
They all shooke hands, and all to bed
did shuffle.

Ellis, the glory of this Towne,
With that braue *Captaine* of renowne:
And thus I end this famous Coun=
ter=*Scuffle*.

FINIS.



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